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 Demi Sheek
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 director
 In These Blue Depths Lie Hell
 Lucius Hauer
 writer
 Ray Lago
 artist
 Crispian
 director
 Death, Where Is Thy Sting?
 Michael Smith
 writer
 Paul Johnson
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 director
 forward
 Max McLennan

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Responsible Village

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Journal News

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In These Blue Days, Live Half

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Death: Where Is They Stung?

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CHILLI EGG (HONG KONG) and others, U.K.
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11. *How do you feel about the fact that you have to pay for the service?*

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Figure 1. Comparison of measured and predicted values of ΔT_{max}

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What have we learned from our damnation, gentle reader? Some are doomed to hell. . .others choose their fate.

Case in point, editor Marcus McLaurin, presiding over this pit for an unprecedented 15 issues. While that number may pale in comparison to publications celebrating multiples of their hundredth issue, let's appreciate the scope of the evil in your hands (or talons. . . or tentacles. . .we're an equal opportunity offender). With each 48 page (previously 64) comic, there're generally three stories, translating into a trio of creative teams (writer, artist, letterer), effectively tripling the workload that an average comic might represent in coordinating concepts and concrete material. Add to that the headaches of production mechanics required for HELLRAISER's quality standards — arcane rituals of "pasting up mechanical boards" and "laying down balloons on acetate overlays" that cause the most perverse adept to shudder — and it's obvious that Marquis McLaurin (assisted by the equally scarified Tom Daring) has achieved a level of masochism that makes Levinthan itself green with envy. To the delight of sadists everywhere, this Cenobite-wannabe continued to push the razor ever deeper, both by increasing the frequency of hell's forces waging war on your comic shop and instigating ever more ambitious storylines (ala "The Devil's Brigade"); all this on top of his considerable other editorial duties (including *TERROR, INC.* (shameless self-plug!) and freelance writing (including the saga of Luke "Don't call me Power Man!" CAGE).

This eulogy does not signify Marcus's shuffling off this mortal coil, but it does denote his passing on these editorial reins to David Wohl (more on *him* in another foreword!) In the meantime, Mr. McLaurin directs his attention to numerous *new* Clive Barker projects due from Epic in the coming year (among them, the anti-Cenobite spin-off, *THE HARROWERS*), and I suggest a clapping of hands (or clanking of talons. . . or slurping of tentacles) in appreciation of the enjoyable agony he has been responsible for during his terrifying tenure.

Speaking of enjoyable agony (didn't you just see that coming?) a trio of tales this time out. The sin of gambling inspires Dean Shreck and Ricardo Villagran to spin the wheel in "Roulette Lemarchand"; Lurene Haines and Dave Dorman (whose recent *Nightbreed* illo snarled out from the cover of *EPIC* #2) take love triangles and torment to new lows in "In These Blue Depths Lie Hell"; and those Harrowers turn the tables on the leather-and-mutilation set in "Death Where Is Thy Sting?", courtesy Malcolm Smith and Paul Johnson (whose visuals brought the Cenobite-Nightbreed war, *JIHAD*, to unholy life).

Mr. McLaurin's escape from HELLRAISER brings to mind my own departure from the editorship of this nether-region. When I left, I got a Lament Configuration and a bunch of chains tearing my flesh to ribbons. . .Marcus takes on editing five new comics and the accompanying night-sweats of worrying over a large corner of the Barker-verse.

And they say hell knows about torture. . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

ROULETTE LEMARCHAND



ROULETTE LEMARCHAND, A FRENCH WOMAN, WAS A PART OF THE POLICE FORCE OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

SHE WAS A PART OF THE POLICE FORCE OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, AND WAS A PART OF THE POLICE FORCE OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

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Don Strick
writer
Ricardo Villagran
Artist
James Novak
Inker





BUTTER PRECIOUS
RECOVERS, WHILE A
HANGING THOUGHT
GOES WILD
THROUGH HIS HEAD

HOW MANY TIMES IN THE PAST
HAD HE RUN DOWN ONE OF THESE
BOYS, DAUGHTER, ABOUT THE LINE,
TO RUN HIM DOWN AND CRUSH
DOWN OF LIFT AND MOUNT?

AND RECOVERING, HE
THIS AND FLIES TO GET
IN THE WALL?

THERE,
RUN! HE WENT
DOWN THERE!

WE'RE COMING
DOWN FOR YOU, CARLOS!
YOU JUST WERE YOU
LAST CATCH!

YOU
DEAD MEAT
MAN!

IS THIS HIS TUNNEL?

LIGHT...
GO TO THE
LIGHT...

BEHIND HIM, THEIR
SCAMPING REFLECTS
DOWN

A DISCREET PLATFORM,
BODIES OUT AND
ABANDONED, SET NEXT
TO A LOT OF OTHER
ABANDONED WORK
LATER

WENT
THE WELL
LOVE
IS THIS?

OH, JESUS... BOTH
TUNNELS ABANDONED!
NO WAY OUT! THEY COMING!
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
LIKE THIS!

GO TO
HUG...

LORD, YOU GOTTA
HELP ME, YOU GOTTA GIVE
ME THE POWER, BLESS ME,
DELIVER ME, LET ME HAVE
THESE BRACKETS!

HE DROPPED HIMSELF DOWN
OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY,
KILLING ALL OF HIS ATTENDANTS
BEFORE COLLAPSING IN A
BURNING HEAVEN

THEIR SCAMP ON HIS
ARMIES AND LOVE

...WITH A BURNING
PILGRIMAGE AGAIN!

HE OPENED HIS EYES
FOR A MOMENT
THROUGH, LEAVING
DOWN

... TO WHAT? NOTHING, AS FAR AS I
KNOW. NO ONE'S HERE.



HERE, THE CHALLENGE OF DARK
MATTER IS ONLY BEING MET
WHAT HE'S BEEN ABOUT. THE
MATTER IS - LIKE THE COMPLEX
DEATH OF AN ANIMAL. LONG -
COMING, HIS MIND
WITH HIM AND HIS OWN



WHERE ARE
YOU, SPARK, AND
YOU?



AND HE
KNOWS, HE'S NOT
ALONE



WHERE ARE
YOU, SPARK, AND
YOU?

AND CHARLES FEELS THE FORCE
FROM THE OLD MAN TO HIS
KNOWS. NO ONE'S HERE
THROUGH THE FORCE, HE'S
LITTLE, HIS OWN, HIS OWN.



A MOST UNUSUAL
LITTLE BOY



CHARLES FEELS A FORCE
FROM THE OLD MAN TO HIS
KNOWS. NO ONE'S HERE
THROUGH THE FORCE, HE'S
LITTLE, HIS OWN, HIS OWN.



WALLY WARREN

HE'S NOT
HOLDING?

HEY, THERE'S A
HOLE DOWN HERE!
CURL UP, WE GOT
OUR COMBATANTS
NOW.

OH, THAT'S
TAMAR?

DON'T HE REAR THEN
COMING? HE'S JUST
POULIN' WITH THAT
SWEET TOY.

DON'T HE ASK
THAT?

YOU
WILL, AGAIN
BEFORE HE
MOVES.

TO, CATCH
BUTTERFLY WITH
YOUR HANDS?
ARE YOU?

HEY, I'M
TRYING TO.

SHOOT
ME!

WEEHUCK

CARLOS WATCHES
IN SILENT RAGE
AS THE BOY RINGS
TO FALL. THE BOY
GIVES ANOTHER ORDER.

WALLY WARREN
STAYS IN THE
SHADOWS OF THE
CITY.

WALLY WARREN

THE BOY?
I DON'T KNOW
HE'S COMING?
IT?

I KNOW
I KNOW
I KNOW
I KNOW

THINK YOU LOVE
THE BOY? AND
THE BOY? THE BOY
TO BRING INTO A
GIVING JEWEL.





...RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
BOMB BOMB BOMB BOMB BOMB
ALL CAUGHT BEHIND THE
MYSTERY OF THE
MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERY

A JEWELRY STORE
DROPPED TO GROUND
A MYSTERY
MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERY

...ALBERTA
DROPPED UNDER
ONE.

WTO CAN'T BE THE STONE OF
MYSTERY. IN THE AIR, BUT IT
TAKING THE MYSTERY MYSTERY
TO APPROX THE MYSTERY MYSTERY

NO CAROLIN IT IS THE STONE OF THE
MYSTERY MYSTERY MYSTERY MYSTERY
THE MYSTERY MYSTERY MYSTERY

AND MORE
MYSTERY MYSTERY
MYSTERY MYSTERY

THE STONES ARE
BUTTER WITH THE TALK
TALKING THE ONE WITH
THE STONE--AND THE
ONE--TO AVOID MYSTERY
THE STONE MYSTERY

JUST A FEW ROUNDS
OF MYSTERY MYSTERY
BUT WITH A TWIST--THE STONE
MYSTERY MYSTERY MYSTERY
AND ALL IN THE MYSTERY
MYSTERY, JUST LIKE YOUR
MYSTERY TOLD MYSTERY DON'T
YOU TRUST YOUR OWN
MYSTERY

SO, WHAT CAN YOU
DO IF YOU WANT
ENOUGH OF MYSTERY

MYSTERY, YOU
DON'T IT, LET'S
DO IT.

MYSTERY
MYSTERY MYSTERY



AND JUST TO
REWARD YOU
I'M A GIVER.
I'LL GO
FIRST.



WASSE
YOU LEAVE
SOMETHING
DOWN HERE
LAST NIGHT
ARE YOU
READY?



SO WE'LL
PLAY YOUR
DARKER
GAME...
BUT WHY
NOT?

WE PLAY
BLINDFOLDED
TO MAKE SURE
THIS IS LEGAL.
OR WE DON'T
PLAY AT
ALL.

UNLESS
YOU'RE AFRAID
OF THE DARK. BE
CAUSE THIS WHAT
THEY CALL...
A DRESS
UP PARTY.

YOU
NOT
IF YOU
BLIND
THIS.

...BUT
THE ONLY
CHANCE
HERE IS
GOING TO
YOUR.



HIS BLINDFOLD WASN'T
FOR HIM. BECAUSE HE CAN'T
BE
CERTAIN OF EACH MOVE
AND THERE IS NO
END.



THE DRESSING ROOMS
WASN'T WITHOUT INCIDENT
AND THE TRICK
WASN'T COMBINED TO
THE OTHER.



THEY WERE BOTH
OTHERS. THEY WERE BOTH
THE LAST.

THEY WERE BOTH
THE LAST.



AND ADDING ON THIS OTHER
WAVE OF FORCE, PLACING
AN UNEXPECTED HIDE IN
CARLOS' UNEXPECTED PLAN
AND SOME OF MEN'S
FORGET COMMANDERS

OH, SHIT!

RUN!
RUN, DAMNIT!

LET'S
GET
OUT--

CAN'T...THEY'RE
BLOCKING THE
WAY OUT!

TURNING INTO DARK
HOLE! CARLOS SPEEDS
TO FREEDOM

WHAT THE
HELL WERE THOSE
-- FRODO?

WHO CARES? WE NOW!
JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU--
WE ARE THE STRONGEST
NOW, KEEP NOW!

BY THE
SMALL
CHANCE!

CARLOS--
THEY'RE
NOT!

DIDN'T WE
LEAVE IT?

CARLOS
IT WON'T BUY
HONEY

BUT AS THEY SEARCH THE HORIZONS
BUT THE PATH TO FREEDOM AND
APPEAL OF BLOOD

WE DON'T
OPEN IT--WE
ACED THE
DUEL! GOD
GAVE ME
VICTORY!

TRY
NOT TO
SAY...IT
WAS GOD
THAT
GAVE US

IN THE LORD'S NAME
I DEFEAT IT--SEND IT
BACK TO DEATH!

AND OPENING THE
HORIZONS AGAIN

OH-WHAT
ARE YOU?

THE BOY SPEAKS AT HIS
TRICK, OPENING THE
DOOR AGAIN.



WE ARE WHOM
YOU'RE SURVIVED

WE ARE THE
CONQUERORS

WE WILL
NOT BE DENIED



NOT I WON
GOD SHOWED
ME THE WAY
IT'S MY--



-- DESTINY? FOLLO!
WHEN YOU PRAY TO
JESUSNESS, IT IS DARK
PROOF THAT JESUSNESS!

AND YOUR
CONQUEROR--
IS ALL?



YOU CAME TO SEE YOUR
GODS, AND TO SEE-- BUT YOUR
MESSAGE, NUMBER 66666 HAVE
SOMEONE REVEALED YOU...

THE OLD MAN YOU FIRST SAW OVER
THE BOX WAS ITS CONQUEROR. THE BOXES
SURROUNDING HIM WAS DARK
REVEALS!



HE FAILED US IN REVEALING
THE MESSAGE TO DALL INTO
JESUSNESS-- AND HAD TO
BE TRUSTED-- A JESUSNESS!

BUT TONIGHT, THROUGH
THE BOX, JESUSNESS OVER
INTENSITY OF YOUR MENTAL
WITNESS AND INTENSITY FOR POWER--
THE BOX HAS BEEN CONQUERED
TO ITS JESUSNESS!



OH, CONQUEROR! WHEN
WILL YOU LEARN-- ALL
THAT CONQUEROR IS
NOT GOLD?

WE DO HAVE
MUCH TO TEACH
YOU-- DON'T WE?

BUT FIRST, WE CELEBRATE
THE BIRTH OF THIS
CONQUEROR! BOX--



FOR WHICH WE
ARE COMMITTED TO
SHOW OUR CASE--
YOUR-- TO SHOW
YOU THE WAY TO
GOD GOD--



-- NO
JESUSNESS!



THE END

ADDITIONAL



JUST HERE,
STREETS OF
FLORIDA.

DRIFT AND INEPT MARCHES,
WOMEN ASSAULTED WITH
VOLUNTARY STORM, IT IS HERE
THAT THE FLORIDA DE PROS
RIGHTS A TRAVE BATTLE.

IN THESE BLUE DEPTHS LIE HELL

SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE, IN THE
CALM AND ORDER OF SAN GABRIEL,
JUANITO BICO, CAPTAIN EDUARDO
PROTECTOR, WAS CALLED TO SEE
THE GOVERNOR...

...THAT WAS ONLY
A Glimpse OF HIS
ORDER...

SO YOU SEE, CAPTAIN
PROTECTOR, THE ONLY CHANGE
IN YOUR INSTRUCTIONS IS THAT
JUANITO DE BICO WILL BE
ACCOMPANYING YOU...

TO PROVIDE COUNSEL,
AND GUIDANCE FOR THE
MEN OF GOVERNOR DE
BICO, IN FLORIDA.

THEY WERE THE
CAPTAIN, THE PROTECTOR
WILL GUIDE THEM IN
THEIR JOURNEY OF
FAITH.

A JOURNEY OF FAITH,
BUT A JOURNEY THAT
LEADS TO A FIGHT AND DEATH.

Lawrence Haines
writer
Ray Lago
artist
Gasper
letterer



BODY THE HEAT
OF THE RECORD
MARKER LEAVES
BLIND.



IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL
HERE. THIS HOLDS
HAD A TERRIFIC
IDEA.



YOU MAKE ME FEEL
LIKE A GOD,
YOU MAKE!

SCHEMATIC, WITH
THE VERY HEAT OF
HELL.



I HATE ALL THE EYES AROUND
ME! I GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE.
IT HAD TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT
THOUGH, IF WE WANT TO KEEP THE
INSURANCE MONEY.



THIS WAS THE
PERFECT PROPORTION TO
AND TO CORROSION DIED
IN THE PERFECT TIME--
A PERFECT ACCIDENT!



IT IS THE SO DARK WE'LL
HIDE THE BODY AND COR-
RUPTION, AND WITHOUT
EVIDENCE, THAT CAN
THAT SAY?

A SHARP THING,
MURDER.



JUST DESIGNED TO
TALK OFF THE BARR
AND REGULATION. A
SUBSTANTIAL DIS-
SECTION!



SHARP, SHARP, SHARP, SHARP

IT'S THE TWO BOTH
AT REGULATION
TO CORROSION.

A SHARP THING, NOT SO
ELEGANT,

A SHARP
THING.

15215



There are some of his papers but
something is very wrong. The man
he... he doesn't and... and you
will not even leave his cabin.

Thank you, my friend.
Please bring them over
to my room.



...and what they
will do when they
arrive

"FROM DE BORDO,
HE IS NO EMPEROR
JUST A THIRTEEN
YEAR."



"HE DIED, I WANT TO SEE
HIM. Bring down his body
if you must. I have many
questions for him."

"What importance?
Just what is it
if that's all?"



FORGIVE,
FORGIVE ME,
FORGIVE ME

IN THE GREAT CATHEDRAL
IT IS CLEAR THAT THE QUESTION
IS NOT WHAT ABOUT WHAT
HE DOES...



...And what they
will do when they
arrive

AND TO
HIMSELF

CALA HATHORN
WANT BECAUSE
THEY HOLD

HATHORN, JUST
WAITING TO BE
FOUND.

JUST THINK, WITH THESE
MAPS AND PAPERS FROM
MY GREAT-GRAND-ALMA'S
ESTATE, WE COULD FIND
SUNSHINE TREASURE! ...
WELCOME RICH BEYOND
OUR WILDEST DREAMS.

BUT REAL? JUST BECAUSE
YOU'VE GOT A STACK OF
HOLLY BODIES AND MAPS
DOESN'T MEAN THERE
HAVEN'T BEEN PIRATES
CLEAN BY TREASURE
HUNTERS!

YOU'RE NOT
SOME
STRAWBERRY
EXPLORER,
YOU KNOW!

WELL, COME ON, WE'RE
JUST TRYING TO HAVE SOME
FUN, BEACHES. IT WAS HER
PREFERENCE WHO WENT
INS IN THESE SPOTS. WITH
THIS OLD MAP, WE JUST
ABOUT FIND THE TREAS.

"SEE, NOW I DON'T GET
JUST HOW MUCH YOU LOOK
LIKE THIS 'GASTRON
EDUARDO PIRELLA'."

WOULDN'T IT BE STRANGER
IF HE FOUND HIS SHIP,
AND YEARS AFTER THE
FACT?

TODAY SOMEONE
MAY JUST SHOW HIM
TO HIS REASSURANCE

EXCITEMENT
AND COOL
CALCULATION.

BEYOND THE SPIRIT
OF MY ROASTMASTER
WILL GUIDE US TO
RINGS, BROCK?

STRENGTH AND
DESIRE.

WEAVERS AND
SEDUCTIONS.



A BEAUTIFUL DAY
FOR A CRUISE
CLEAR SKIES, CALM
WATERS.

A BEAUTIFUL
DAY TO DIE.



BEAUTIFUL, WARREN,
BUT FORTUNE
DOESN'T LEAD TO THE
HOLD OF THE
SEA. A GATEWAY.



AL-DEWHEN.

WE WERE CALLED!
WE CAPT! SUCH A
SIMPLE QUESTIONS
SO FULL OF DARK
OBSESSION, EXCEPT
FOR YOU, EDWARD...

A GATEWAY
TO HELL...



I CANNOT FIGHT!
MY GOD, NO...



A PITFUL PLACE IN
A BROWNING NIGHT, I
TASTE YOUR FEAR,
AND DESIRE LIKE A
SUDDEN BLITZ OF
DEATH AND HELL.

YOU ALONE ARE NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO WIN THIS BATTLE.
YET YOUR DESIRE IS SOME-
THING EVEN I CANNOT FIGHT
WITHOUT HELP...



GENE FORM



THEN HELL
TEACHES A
STALWART...

...SO
THE HELL
BEATS!



...THEN FINE
SCANDS STAY!



AN ETERNITY...



...FROZEN...



...IN A NIGHTMARE.

"IT IS ONLY A PART OF THE
SCANDS. WITH HELP I WILL
HAVE YOUR SOUL. AND YOU
WILL BECOME THE TAKE IT."



ONE WAY TO ANOTHER WORLD
BEAUTIFUL - ALIEN.

BEHOLD THE HARBORING
WHICH ENDURES AND GROWS
HAPPY. IT IS A GARDEN OF
LIFE, CIVILIZED WORLD.

PLUNDER, BASED ON THE
FOURTH RULE OF SURVIVAL.
EAT OR BE EATEN.

KILL OR BE
KILLED.

BUT NOT YET.
NOT YET.

THE DANGER OF BLOOD
AND AIR NEEDS A
WORTHY CAUSE.

PERFECT.

A WORTHY CAUSE MOVED
IN A FAST AND DYNAMIC
GALLERY OF HISTORY.



IT IS CLEAR THAT NO ONE
HAS EVER FOUND THIS
STRANGE AND TERRIBLE
PLACE.

NO HUMAN TOUCH HAS
DISTURBED THE BAY
AND DEWAS FOR
CENTURIES.

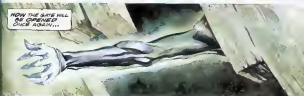


HERE AND NOW
THE PERFECT TIME.
THE PERFECT PLAN.



THE PERFECT
PLACE TO SAY
GOOD-BYE.

FOREVER.



NOW THE GATE WILL
BE OPENED
ONCE AGAIN...



...AND TIME
BEGINS TO
FLOW.





BLOODHOUND RECALIBRATES
THE ADVANTAGE IN
REVAL.

AND HERE WE GO, LOVELY EVIL
FEELINGS. SO MUCH POTENTIAL!
OUR LITTLE WEAPON AGAINST
THIS FOOLISH BRUNARD.
YET YOU HAVE FAILED US.

GOING
OUTTA HERE.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS,
THE TIE OF FAMILY
BLOODLINE...

YOUR DUTTY
INTERFERENCE
WILL MEAN
NOTHING.

"I WILL WIN THIS BATTLE, AND TAKE WHAT
RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO HELL.
THERE WILL BE NO MORE COMPROMISE!"

...AND THE SCENARIOS
PROVISED BY
DESPERATION AND THE
RIGHTFOUL HEART.

IS IT THE KEY?

PLEASE! I CAN DEPEND
ON US! WE JUST STOP
IT. BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE! :

EDUARDO, REMEMBER.
TOGETHER WE CAN
FIGHT THIS THING!

AHH...

(THE FIRE
IS THE KEY,
QUICKLY!)

I UNDERSTAND!
THE FIRE!



FIRE ERUPTS, A CHAIN
OF EXPLOSIONS.

KA-TOOM!!

THE LONG NIGHT
IS OVER.

IN THE NIGHT BROTHER
THE FIRST OF A LONG
BATTLE.

HERE AND NOW ARE BURNING
SUNS AND HEAVY THUNDER
WATERS.

OH,
THANK
GOD!

BUT NOT ENOUGH
TIP TO THE SCALE
FOR DARK, DEEP-
AND OBSESSION.

A SIMPLE SUN
MURDER.

A SIMPLE ARMY
FOR A SIMPLE
LOCK.

DON'T BE
FOOLED.

IN THESE
DARK DAYS
LIE **HELL.**

THE END

WALLPAPER

A BOMBLIGHT IN MANHATTAN & LONER BUILT AROUND.

BEHIND A BARRICADED DOOR
DANNY JOHNSON CELEBRATING
THE DAY HE'S DREAMED ALL
HIS LIFE

HE'S 25TH
BIRTHDAY

THAT'S THE DAY THAT EVERY
OTHER MEMBER OF THE
JOHNSON FAMILY HAS
DISAPPEARED!

HAPPY 25TH BIRTHDAY

I WILL WITH ME
COULD HE HAD A
DAD?

I'VE BEEN
ACTING CRAZY
HAVEN'T I?

IN A WORD? YES.

WELL, THERE'S NO WAY
YOU'RE GOING. BEING
MADDER LIKE THE BEST
OF YOUR RACE - NOT
WITH ME AROUND!

BUT IF YOU DO
LEAVE ME, I WANT
THIS BACK HAPPY
BIRTHDAY.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL. I THINK
FOR HAVING THE
GIRL I LOVE, I LOVE
YOU SO MUCH.

I LOVE
YOU TOO!

WIFE BETWEEN
US IS ACHIEVING
KIDS, YOU KNOW
THAT.

SHE DOESN'T NOTICE HER HUSBAND'S
BIRTHDAY OR UNUSUALLY FEARED
TODAY, ALMOST JEREMY.

JOHNSON FOLLOWS
DANNY, I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU HAD A
MIDDLE NAME

I DON'T... WELL, NOT
ANYMORE. IT HAD MY
FATHER'S NAME
AFTER HE AND MY
MOTHER DISAPPEARED.

WHEN I WAS SENT TO THE
FOSTER HOME, I'D GROWN
TO NEVER USE IT AGAIN.

WELL?

THAT NAME
FOR YOU
TODAY?

STRANGE, I DON'T
THINK THERE WAS A
PERSON ALIVE THAT
KNEW MY BLOOD NAME.

THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD 1620

MATCHES ARE BATTERED DOWN,
AND SAILS PULLED TO HALF AS
A STORM THREATENS THE SAFE
PASSAGE OF THE MAYFLOWERS
RAIDERS HOMES TO THE NEW
WORLD.

PHILLIP JOHNSON AND HIS FAMILY,
HASTY ADDITIONS AMONG THE
SHIP'S PASSENGERS, STAY
BELOW IN THE RELATIVE SAFETY
OF THEIR CABIN.

Thursday 29th of June.

Three days out of Portsmouth,
my family hath taken flight to
escape a terrible cut that hath
befallen us. My son Robert, in-
company with a strange boy, un-
willingly summoned the most
notorious being-one that could
not have been of this earth.

Stripes of iron twisted around
his body, cutteth his naked arms
and chest and scorching flames
rose from his charred limbs.
This grotesque apparition, who
call'd itself Machee, would have
taken my two children, had I
not been loy'd for my wife and
myself to go in their stead.

He did not wait as promised
for his return but negotiated
travel and took this opportunity
for a new life, in a new world.

With this action I trust I
have saved my family from a
most unwholy evil, and yet,
each time a dark cloud bloneth
over the vessel, I fear Thell
contain full gear, ready to
claim myself and my
innocent wife.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

Malcolm Saville
wrote
Paul Johnson
and
Gasper
letters



CONSTITUTION

ONE BEING LIFTED CHAIR.
CONSIDER... DYNAMIC! ADVANCE!

WARRIORMAN, 8-FOOT TALL, RED-HEADED FOR THE BRICK.

WARRIORMAN, ONE OF THE
MILKMAIDERS -- BEYOND FOLLOWERS
OF THE GODDESSES, MORTAL ANIMALS --
LIVES A WOMAN WITH A PUZZLE-BOX.
IMMEDIATELY SHE UNDERSTANDS
WHY A SACRIFICIAL TOWER AND
IMMEDIATELY APPEARED IN HER
POCKET THAT MORNING.

THIS DARK THING HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
HIM LEAVING, I KNOW IT!

ALMOST
JUST A
LITTLE
MORE...

YOU DON'T WANT
OPEN THAT WATER!

IT'D HAVE YOU SOME-
WHERE YOU WOULDN'T
STAY.

AND
ARE
YOU?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS FRY
HUSBAND... ANSWER?

LET ME SURVE--
HE'S DISAPPEARED?

LAST NIGHT, HOW DID
YOU KNOW FRY WENT
TO BED, BUT HE STAYED
UP, PLAYING WITH THE
BOX. IN THE MORNING
HE WAS GONE --

WARRIORMAN -- BLESSED
WITH POWERS FROM MORTAL MAN.

...WARRIORMAN
JUST A FORTIFIED
ARMY...

WARRIORMAN AND I MET
I KNOW WHERE
HE WENT TO, IF
HE'S JUST GONE
IN, IT MAY NOT BE
TOO LATE.

IT'S ABOUT THE BOX, AND
TO CUT THROUGH ONE REALITY
AND INTO ANOTHER...

OH MY GOD! IF
DANIEL'S DOWN
THERE THEN I'M
GONE WITH
YOU!

FINE! OK.
WARRIORMAN, YOU
THOUGH, THIS
ISN'T GONNA
TO BE A STRUGGLE
IN THE DARK.

Amberlight!

HANG
ON!

HOLY
GUT!

Scene 1421

Our life among the *Algonia*, *Flourishen*. Though the petty comforts of England are daily missed, our discomforts here-- the fog, the rain, the food of stunted crops, our congenial dealings with the Indians--bring us great satisfaction. Yet really I don't I still grieve for the same infernal dream of the devil's Pudge, referring for this debt as yet unpaid.

TONIGHT IT IS
NOT A DREAM.

THE BARRAIN HAS
NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN.

BEFORE THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN
THE HOUSE IS BURNED TO THE GROUND
AND PHILIP JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE
WACE ARE SNATCHED FROM THE
SIGHT OF MAN, OR GOD.

THIS IS YOUR
MOVE NOW

NATHANIEL!

YOU
POOR
ORPHANS!

THESE MARKS--
THEY WILL NOT
BE REMOVED!

THEY BURNED INTO
THEIR SKIN,
AS IF IT WERE
BRANDS!

VEER KISHOR IS PROCLAIMING THAT HELL HAS A THOUSAND FACES, SOME QUITE BANNING IN THEIR APPEARANCE.

THE ONE
NEARS
BURNING...

A ROLLING FIELD
OF CLOVER IN A
HIDDEN VALLEY.

IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL.

STAY CLOSE, THERE
AINT NO WAY THIS
PLACE IS AS HARMLESS
AS IT LOOKS.

MY HUSBAND
ISN'T HERE. I JUST
VE BEEN COMED TO BE-
LIEVE YOU!

DON'T MOVE! THERE'S
A BEE ON YOU LIKE NO
BEE I'VE EVER SEEN!

THE SWEET SMELL OF HONEY
PERMEATES THE AIR...

SICKLY SWEET.



A FLICK OF THE BOOMING
SANDS KICKS FROM A
DEADLY STRIKE.

THIS SUCKER IS
ALL BOMBERS!
AND LOOK AT THE
DIAMOND SHAPE
ON ITS TIBIA FOR
MY OWN LITTLE
CANDIDITE
LITTLE SHIT.

WHEN LOUIS ANOTHER OF
HER CLOUTERS GIVEN
RESPONSE I BELIEVE
THAT BEING ALL
THINGS CONCEPTUAL.



JUST WHAT
I THOUGHT!

CANDIDITE
BEE'S

FOLLOW
THAT
BOMB.

TRANSFORM



STRANGE NOISES

FROM HIDDEN LIVES

BETRAY THE HIDDEN
ADMONISH OF THE FIELD



MY GOD! THEY'RE
ALL OVER HER!

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!
THE WHOLE FIELD'S FULL
OF THESE POOR SOULS!



THEY ALL LOOK
STRANGELY
ALIKE AND

OH MY GOD!

DANNY! THEY
ALL LOOK LIKE
DANNY!

DANNY'S
PLUNGE
GOD NO!



WATER?

STAY AWAY!
THEY'RE--THEY
STAY--FLEE AWAY
THAN I'VE EVER
ADMONISH!



OH GOD! NOT
LOVE NOW MY LOVE.
NOT LOVE.

JUSTIN, DON'T
LOOK SO
SCARED.

CAN'T YOU
JUST HACK
THE ROOTS
AWAY?

I CAN TRY—
BUT THEY
SEEM TO BE
PART OF
HIS BODY
NOW.

NO, PLEASE!
AAAAAAAAHHH!



THEY'RE ALL
CONNECTED TO
ONE ANOTHER
UNDERGROUND.
IF I KEEP CUTTING
THEY'LL ALL
BLEED TO
DEATH.

Whoooo!

AAAAAAAAHHH!



JUST HANG ON A LITTLE
LONGER, DANNY—WE'LL
THINK OF SOMETHING.



THE ROOTS...



"ALL BORN TO
LEAD..."



"FOLLOWING
THAT? TRUE."

THEY'RE ENTRAPPED IN THE HOLLOW
OF A MASSIVE OAK. PHILIP AND
GRACE JOHNSON, THE FOUNDERS
OF THE JOHNSON DYNASTY.

HOWEVER,
YOU ARE—
GO AWAY!
IF ~~YOU~~ FINDS YOU—
HE'LL FLARE
YOU ONE
OF US!

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU
I COULD GET YOU AND
YOUR FAMILY OUTTA
HERE?

YOU'D BE FREE FROM HELL
AND STARTING FRESH AGAIN!

ONLY THING IS: THERE'D
BE NO TELLING WHAT
YOU'D BE STARTING
FRESH ~~AND~~!

WE'D GO WITHOUT
QUESTION! ANY
EXISTENCE WOULD
PROVE SUPERIOR
TO THIS
NEVER-ENDING
PERSECUTION!

THE
BIG-KEEPER
APPROACHES!
ALL IS
LOST!

ARMADILLO: BEE-KEEPER
OF HELL.

READY TO DRINK HIS BLEATED
VICTIMS OF THE DARK TOOTH-
SOME ACCRUAL OF BLOOD,
PUB AND MONEY.

STEP FOR-
WARD,
TIGER PESSER.

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE MY
BAGUETTE.

YOU LIGHT NOTHING!
YOU'RE GOING TO
BE GAST HAVING
A MEET THAT LONG!

WAKE YOUR
HEAD SUCH
AN EASY
TARGET.

MY GRANDFATHER
USED TO HAVE BEEN
SAID THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY.

AAHHHHH!

NO TAKE
THE
QUEEN...

...AND THE
REST WILL
FOLLOW.

GOOD A
PLACE
AS ANY.



DON'T SEE NO
OTHER WAY
HARVEY GOT'S
NOTHING...

AAAAHHH!

WHAT
HAVE
YOU
DONE?!

GOTTA USE
(gasp) MY
BLOOD...

...TO DISSOLVE
(gasp) THE AGENTS

AAAAHHH!



BLESSED
DAY!
WE'RE
FREE!

ALMOST,
BUT NOT
QUITE.


STILL A LOTTA
SOUL CLEANSING
TO BE DONE.

JOHN HANDS
AND FOLLOW
ME!

EEEEAAH!

DANNY!

WATER!



*ENVELOPED INTO THE FURY WIND
OF THE SCORCHED MOON FLAME,
ALL THE BETWEEN HELL AND THE
JORDON CLAY ARE FORGED AWAY.*

*ONCE THE NEED OF THEIR NEW
EXISTENCE IS IN PLACE, EACH
WILL BE RETURNED TO EARTH
FOR 12 HOURS.*

*JUST ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE PEACE
WITH THE PAST AND PREPARE FOR
THEIR TRANSFORMATION.*

PRECIOUS HOURS.

TIME TO SPEND
WITH THE ONE
YOU LOVE.

GOOD IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE
SOLID GROUND UNDER MY
FEET AGAIN--INSTEAD OF
AROUND MY SHOULDERS!

HA HA! NICE TO
HEAR ONE OF YOUR
BAD JOKES AGAIN!

I JUST CAN'T STOP
REMEMBERING HOW THE
LAST OF THE FLEETING
DANCE AND CHILD ARE
TAKING TO PLYMOUTH
HARBOR, AND REUNION
LATER.

I'M AFRAID THEY'VE
GONNA STAND OUT
WITH THOSE BUCKLE
SHOES!

KATE, THIS IS OUR
LAST DAY TOGETHER.
YOU KNOW THAT.
DON'T YOU?

YES.

BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BELIEVE IT.

IN PRESENT,
DANNY, IT
HAPPENED
ON YOUR
BIRTHDAY.

I'M SO HAPPY
THROUGH THIS
CHILD HE'LL
STILL BE
REMEMBER!

THE CHANGING
WILL HAPPEN
SOON, I CAN
FEEL IT!

WILL YOU
MAKE
LOVE TO
ME ONE
FINAL
TIME?

THERE'S
NOTHING
I WANT
MORE

THE TRICKLE OF DANGER IS LEAVING
DISTRICTS AWAY FROM ANOTHER
TRICKLE IS INCREASING THROUGH-
OUT AND LONGER.

I PROMISE I WILL
FIND SOME WAY OF
RETURNING TO SEE
YOU WITH OUR
CHILD.

HOW WILL
I KNOW
IT'S YOU?

YOU'LL
KNOW.

COVER
YOUR
EYES!

OH MY
GOD!

AAAAHHHHHHHHH...

I'LL SEE
YOU AGAIN--

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

MIDSTATE HOSPITAL,
MATERNITY WARD.

AN EXHAUSTED
BRIDE CRADLES
HER NEW-BORN
SON, PHILIP
DANIEL JOHNSON.

THOUGH THE BOY HAS
THE SAME BURNING HAIR
AS HIS FATHER, THE
FAMILY BIRTH-
MARK AND HOT BURN
PASSED ON TO THIS
GENERATION.

A SHOWER OF
HONEY BEEES
ENTER THE
OPEN WINDOW.



АУУУУУ!

YOU'RE NOT AN--
ALL OF LIFE DUMMY

YOU'VE MADE ME
FEEL HAPPY

I'LL
ALWAYS
LOVE YOU...



OH MY GOD!
COVER THE
BABY!



IT'S ALL BEEN
SWEETS.

IT'S
ONLY
PARTY

WE CAME TO
SAY GOODBYE...

THE END
BUTTERFLY

AFTERWORD

The end is here, but it's all far from over.

My tenure as editor of **CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER** is at an end. As the observant of you have already read in previous missives, David Wohl is now taking the helm on this book. I now join your throngs as a loyal reader; for once hell has touched you, it always holds on to a piece.

But first, some final notes —

Before I go, I want to thank Dan, the Prince of Chichester, for his consultory assistance; Tom Daning for his more hands-on work; the myriad of interns whose life this book and I have transformed into a living hell; and the behind the scenes workers in Manufacturing, Stephanie Fogle and Melissa Dannon, who help make the final book look so good. Especially I want to thank Clive Barker for his commentary, constant guidance and direction on this project which bears more than his name.

Second, I want to remind all you loyal Barkerphiles out there of the onset of an explosion of new Barkerverse titles out there, due for release next summer. If you love super heroes, you've t seen nothing until you've seen them through Clive's unique vision. Just imagine.

Imagine super heroes once really walked the Earth. They once saved the world, before they destroyed themselves, and our memory of them. Now, a new generation of heroes is returning, **HYPERKIND, THE NEW HEROES**, to fulfill a promise of greatness that will save the world again, or doom us all.

Imagine you're a kid, suddenly discovering you can see into the world of the dead who walk among us, unseen. These wonders await **ECTOKID**, half-boy, half ghost, who must begin a desperate quest to find his departed father, before forces in the here and hereafter achieve their mission — to destroy them both.

Imagine that the only thing that stands between Earth and a horde of dimension-hopping invaders — masters of war, weaponry and evil — is a failed stand-up comedian, endowed with god-like powers. As the world falls apart around him, Earth's lust, best hope. . . is a joke. This is the stage for **HOKUM & HEX**.

And last, but far from least, imagine a young man, haunted by a demon, and pursued by an angel, doomed to have them both locked within him. He is **SAINT SINNER**, a man between worlds, possessed of the best and worst of all, in a battle unending.

And lets not forget **THE HARROWERS**, that group of intrepid adventurers born within these pages who will also be leaping into their own monthly comic in '93. The **BARKERVERSE** is expanding. Thanks for being part of the ride.



Marc McLaurin
Now Former Editor





Chris Barber
music producer

H.G. Clatter
music critic

Tom Dunning
music critic

Max McLaurin
film

Carl Potts
music critic

Les McElroy
film critic

front cover and page illustrations by

Chris Piria

interior illustrations

Ovi Handia

cover art by

Roy Lingo

*Chances are you've had a bad experience with
one of the 400 brands of the companies at
Chew Back.*

*100 of the worst brands have been chosen. 20 of
them have caused us more or a million bad things, and
we've made you a \$1 million Chew Backer!*

*175 of our best customers, representing
millions of satisfied Chew Backers, will stand
and fight against Chew Back. They've already
made sure the Chew Back Division has
failed.*

*Now Chew Backers will receive a personal
Chew Backing kit, so you know what to do
and how to fight back successfully. Chew Back
Wishes you and your family a happy Chew Back
every time you Chew.*

Share with the Chew Backers!

Share the Chew Back!

